Clyde Harold Smith

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM MAINE

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
DELIVERED IN CONGRESS

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U. S. 76th Cong., 3d sess., 1940. House

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Clyde Harold Smith

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM MAINE

Seventy-sixth Congress
Third Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
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Biography

CLYDE HAROLD SMITH was born on a farm near Harmony, Somerset County, Maine, June 9, 1876; moved with his parents to Hartland, Maine, in 1891; attended the rural schools and Hartland (Maine) Academy; taught school; served in the State house of representatives 1899–1903 and 1919–1923; engaged in the retail clothing and hardware business in 1901; superintendent of schools of Hartland 1903–1906; member of the Board of Selectmen of Hartland 1904–1907; moved to Skowhegan, Maine, having been elected sheriff of Somerset County, and served from 1905 to 1909; engaged in the retail sales of automobiles, the hardware and plumbing business, and the newspaper publishing business in Skowhegan; later engaged in banking and the real-estate business; member of the Board of Selectmen of Skowhegan 1914–1932; chairman of the board of directors for locating and building the State reformatory for women in 1917; served in the State senate 1923–1929; chairman of the State highway commission 1928–1932; member of the Governor's council 1933–1937; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth Congresses and served from January 3, 1937, until his death in Washington, D. C., April 8, 1940; interment in Pine Grove Cemetery, Hartland, Maine.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *March 25, 1940.*

Mr. BULWINKLE. Mr. Speaker, I have sent to the Clerk's desk the usual resolution providing for memorial services for deceased Members of Congress to be held on Wednesday, April 24, and I ask its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

House Resolution 437

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 24th day of April 1940, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the third session of the Seventy-sixth Congress, on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-sixth Congress
Third Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:15 to 11:45)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer------ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation--------- The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Scripture reading and prayer---------- The Chaplain

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)---------- Thomas L. Thomas

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

The Living God (Geoffrey O'Hara)---------- Bill Perry

Address---------- Hon. Harry P. Beam
Representative from the State of Illinois

Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth (Felix Mendelssohn)-
Bill Perry

Address---------- Hon. Roy O. Woodruff
Representative from the State of Michigan

The Old Rugged Cross (Bennard)---------- Thomas L. Thomas

Taps---------- Winfred Kemp

Benediction---------- The Chaplain

Clyde Harold Smith

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *April 24, 1940.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name—Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The eternal God is Thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life; He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whosoever believeth in Me shall never die.

The righteous live forever and the care of them is with the Most High: With His right hand shall He cover them and with His arm shall He shield them.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations, before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hast formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy

sight are as yesterday when they are past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; They are as a sleep; In the morning they are like grass which groweth up; In the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us and establish the works of our hands upon us; Yea, the works of our hands establish Thou it.

Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know. Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way. Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
  Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
  For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
  For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
  And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
  The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
  Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
  I wait with joy the future years.
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
  And garner up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
  The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
  Can keep my own away from me.

Oh, Thou in whose presence our souls take delight, on whom in affliction we call, Thou wert our fathers' God. In the darkness Thou gavest them light, in danger, succor, and in uncertainty, guidance. The light of Thy word was their inspiration, "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." O let us hear the carol in the clouds, view the rock amid the waves, and see the star in the valley. Lead us, oh, Christ, in the toilsome way of Gethsemane and Calvary, and in all our needs give us strength and grace. Bless Thou the memory of those who have wrought well and passed on. Unto all hearts that are bowed down today, minister unto them the comfort and the consolations of Thy richest blessings.

We are reminded, dear Lord, that our days are swiftly passing by. Yesterday we were not, tomorrow we shall be gone. O how changing are the fortunes of life—laughter and tears, melody and lamentation. Mid the fleeing shadows, O may the good angels sing the song of hope in every breast. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Mr. Thomas L. Thomas sang "There Is No Death," by Geoffrey O'Hara.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Roger M. Calloway, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

MARVEL MILLS LOGAN, a Senator from the State of Kentucky: Lawyer; educator; county attorney, Edmonson County, 1902–03; Attorney General of Kentucky, 1916–17; Judge, Kentucky Court of Appeals, 1926–31; Chief Justice, 1931; chairman Democratic State Convention, 1916; elected to the United States Senate in 1930, and again in 1936. Died October 3, 1939.

WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH, a Senator from the State of Idaho: Lawyer; distinguished orator; member of the Republican National Committee, 1908–12; delegate, Republican National Convention, 1912; elected to the United States Senate in 1907, and served 32 years and 10 months; was chairman of the Senate Committees on Foreign Relations, and Education and Labor; dean of the Senate from 1933 until the day of his death, January 19, 1940.

BERT LORD, Thirty-fourth Congressional District of New York: Merchant; member New York Assembly, 1915–22, 1924–29; motor vehicle commissioner for the State of New York, 1921–23; State Senator, 1929–35; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died May 24, 1939.

EMMETT MARSHALL OWEN, Fourth Congressional District of Georgia: Lawyer; member, Georgia Legislature, 1902–06; solicitor, City Court of Zebulon, 1908–12; Solicitor General, Flint Judicial Circuit, 1913–23; Solicitor General, Griffin Judicial Circuit, 1923–33; Member of the Seventy-third and each succeeding Congress. Died June 21, 1939.

HARRY WILBUR GRISWOLD, Third Congressional District of Wisconsin: Farmer; educator; member, State Board of Vocational Education, 1930–36; served in the State Senate from 1932 to 1936; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died July 4, 1939.

SAMUEL DAVIS MCREYNOLDS, Third Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of the State of Tennessee, 1903–22; Member of the Sixty-eighth and each succeeding Congress; American delegate to the International Monetary and Economic Conference, in London, 1933; chairman, Committee on Foreign Affairs. Died July 11, 1939.

THOMAS MARION EATON, Eighteenth Congressional District of California: Businessman; educator; served in the United States Navy during the World War; member, City Council, Long Beach, Calif., 1934–36; mayor of Long Beach, 1936–38; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died September 16, 1939.

THOMAS SANDERS MCMILLAN, First Congressional District of South Carolina: Farmer; educator; member, South Carolina House of Representatives, 1916–24; speaker, 1923–24; Member of the Sixty-ninth and each succeeding Congress; member of the Committee on Appropriations. Died September 29, 1939.

CHESTER CASTLE BOLTON, Twenty-second Congressional District of Ohio: Businessman; captain, United States Army Reserve Corps, serving successively with the War Industries Board, aide to the Assistant Secretary of War, and on the General Staff of the War Department; lieutenant colonel, Assistant Chief of Staff of the One Hundred and First Division; member of the Ohio Senate, 1923–28; Member of the Seventy-first and each succeeding Congress. Died October 29, 1939.

JAMES WILLIS TAYLOR, Second Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; postmaster, La Follette, Tenn., 1904–09; mayor of La Follette, 1910–13; insurance commissioner, State of Tennessee, 1913–14; chairman, Republican State Executive Committee, 1917–18; Member of the Sixty-sixth and each succeeding Congress; ranking

minority member of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Died November 14, 1939.

Carl Edgar Mapes, Fifth Congressional District of Michigan: Lawyer; member, Michigan House of Representatives, 1905–07; member, State Senate, 1909–13; elected to the Sixty-third and each succeeding Congress; ranking minority member of the Committees on Rules and on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Died December 12, 1939.

William Irving Sirovich, Fourteenth Congressional District of New York: Physician and surgeon; fellow, American College of Surgeons, 1924; awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, Columbia University Alumni Association, 1932; Member of the Seventieth and each succeeding Congress; chairman of the Committee on Patents. Died December 17, 1939.

John Andrew Martin, Third Congressional District of Colorado: Lawyer, editor; soldier; member, Colorado Assembly, 1901–02; Pueblo city attorney, 1905–07; Member of the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses, retiring voluntarily; during the World War served as a major, Fortieth Division; Member of the Seventy-third and each succeeding Congress. Died December 23, 1939.

William Albert Ashbrook, Seventeenth Congressional District of Ohio: Editor; banker; farmer; publisher of the Johnstown Independent since 1885; postmaster, Johnstown, 1893–97; member, Ohio House of Representatives, 1904–05; Member of the Sixtieth through the Sixty-sixth Congresses, also the Seventy-fourth and each succeeding Congress. Died January 1, 1940.

George Henry Heinke, First Congressional District of Nebraska: Lawyer; graduate, University of Nebraska, 1908; county attorney, Otoe County, 1919–23, 1927–35; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress; served on the Committees on Election of the President, Vice President, and Representatives in Congress; Labor; and the Territories. Died January 2, 1940.

Wallace Edgar Pierce, Thirty-first Congressional District of New York: Lawyer; member, New York Bar Association; member, New York Assembly, 1917–19; chairman, Clinton County Republican Committee; member, New York State Republican Committee; elected to the Seventy-sixth Congress; served on the Committee on the Judiciary. Died January 3, 1940.

Edward Walter Curley, Twenty-second Congressional District of New York: Builder and contractor; member of the Board of Aldermen, New York City, 1916–35; chairman or ranking member

of all major committees of the board; elected to the Seventy-fourth and each succeeding Congress; member of the Committees on Labor, Civil Service, Election of the President, Vice President, and Representatives in Congress; and Invalid Pensions. Died January 6, 1940.

CASSIUS CLAY DOWELL, Sixth Congressional District of Iowa: Lawyer; member, Iowa House of Representatives, 1894–98; member, State senate, 1902–12; Member of the Sixty-fourth through the Seventy-third, Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth Congresses; ranking minority member of the Committee on the Territories. Died February 4, 1940.

CLYDE HAROLD SMITH, Second Congressional District of Maine: Educator; member, State house of representatives, 1899–1903, 1919–23; State senator, 1923–29; chairman, State Highway Commission, 1928–32; member, Governor's Council, Fourth District, 1933–37; elected to the Seventy-fifth and the Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died April 8, 1940.

SANTIAGO IGLESIAS, a Resident Commissioner from the Territory of Puerto Rico: Labor organizer; editor; founder of the Free Federation of Workingmen in Puerto Rico, 1898; member, Puerto Rican senate, 1917–32; edited the Porvenir Social, 1898–1900, Union Obera, 1903–06 and Justicia, 1914–25; Resident Commissioner from 1932 until his death December 5, 1939.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Mr. Bill Perry sang "The Living God," by Geoffrey O'Hara.

Hon. HARRY P. BEAM, a Representative from the State of Illinois, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. HARRY P. BEAM

Mr. BEAM. Mr. Speaker, today we assemble in solemn conclave to pay honor and tribute to our dead. No question of state or parliamentary controversy can disturb the tranquillity of the occasion as we recall with fond and happy recollection the close and intimate association we enjoyed

in the crucible of public service with our departed colleagues, who now rest forever in the calm and peaceful bosom of eternity.

Of all the events in life, death, with its mysterious realism, is the most startling and dramatic. No one can stand in its awful presence and not be moved to a deeper and more abiding solicitude for the rights of our fellow man; nor can one encounter its grim realities without becoming more tolerant, more sympathetic, more understanding of the frailties of human nature and without a deeper conscientious realization of our own imperfection and mortality.

How fleeting is time and how transitory and temporal is the applause of the people or the honors and dignities conferred upon man in the short span of human life. And what a stern realization of that fact have we before us today, as we listen in vain for voices we knew so well to respond to the roll call who but a short yesterday were active participators in the deliberations of our body and wielded vast and far-reaching influence in the formation of the legislative program of the Nation.

> Away. We know that tears are vain,
> That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
> Will this unteach us to complain?
> Or make one mourner weep the less?
> And thou, who tellst me to forget,
> Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Our colleagues whose untimely passing we commemorate today were privileged to serve their country during some of the most crucial and fateful years in the history of the Republic.

During their official service as Members of the Congress of the United States they viewed with alarm and deep concern the grave uncertainty and distress which engulfed the citizenship of our land. During those early days of the depression they observed their fellow citizens in mass formation storm the very doors of the Nation's Capitol, demanding food

and shelter for themselves and for their families. They witnessed the bankruptcy of agriculture, the prostration of business, the failure of thousands of banking institutions throughout the land, the foreclosure of countless homes and farms, the sorry and desperate plight of the wage earner and the farmer, and the prevailing fear and trepidation which seemed to strike at the very heart and sinews of our American national life.

Our departed colleagues, with undismayed courage and a high conception of American statesmanship faced their grave responsibility and contributed generously and unreservedly of their sagacious counsel, and their profound knowledge and wisdom, in devising ways and means to remedy these oppressing conditions and to relieve the circumstances which were well-nigh overwhelming the moral courage and grim fortitude of our people.

They were active participators in the great emergency program to revive agriculture, to furnish governmental aid, and financial assistance to business and industry, and to restore confidence and security in our banking system. They actively assisted in the enactment of laws to alleviate the suffering of our citizens and were contributors to all social legislation for the welfare of the poor and underprivileged of our land.

Our departed colleagues were privileged to serve in the Congress of the United States during the rise of the dictators and witnessed the tremendous growth of the nefarious doctrines of communism and nazi-ism, and saw them become the dominant policy and religion, so to speak, of countless numbers of heretofore God-fearing men and women of great nations of the world.

They observed in their lifetime the war clouds again hover over the nations of Europe, threatening to engulf the entire world once more in conflagration. They witnessed the march of the highly mechanized and modernized armies of the dictators against countries ill-equipped for war, and by fire and sword saw them conquer and destroy nations, subject their

citizens to a lifetime of sorrow and misery, and bury forever the last vestige of hope for liberty and freedom for untold millions of human beings.

Robert Ingersoll, appearing before the tomb of Napoleon, expressed himself in the following words:

I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

I pause and wonder, my fellow colleagues, when at some time in the future, when these dictators who have caused the pangs of war to again cloud the happiness and peace of the world are summoned to embark on that fateful voyage, from which no traveler returneth, what complacency of thought, what peace of mind and heart can be theirs. When the very shrouds which enwrap their cold and lifeless clay shall be drenched with the blood and tears of countless numbers of human beings, decreed by them to a vale of misery, suffering, famine, pestilence, and death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
  See where the victor—victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

What a sad commentary of fate that in this age of enlightenment, of intellectual development, of cultural advancement, and of great scientific discoveries—all for the happiness and betterment of mankind—that the people of the world should again be plunged into the horrors and terrors of war, with all the resulting suffering and misery therein entailed.

From the sad plight and appalling despair of these unfortunate nations, let us resolve that, from the hallowed ashes of our departed colleagues, never again shall we vote to plunge America into a foreign holocaust of war, or ever again consecrate any foreign soil with the lifeblood of our American youth, to save or preserve the integrity of any foreign monarchy, dynasty, or power.

America will fight only for America, and to keep inviolate our priceless heritage of liberty and freedom, and the preservation of our democratic form of government.

These were the ideals, my fellow citizens, our departed colleagues cherished and sustained in their lifetime, and for the love of which they nobly laid down their lives. As distinguished Members of Congress, they served their country loyally and well, and carved their names high in the annals of American statesmanship. They enjoyed the love and affection of their fellow citizens, and the respect and esteem of their fellow Members of Congress. They have left to their loved ones, and to the Nation, a noble heritage of honor and glory upon the altar of public service.

This is the last time the names of our departed colleagues will ever be officially called from the floor of the Congress of the United States. No more shall we disturb the tranquillity of their slumber; no more shall we derange the peace and calm of their repose; but, with the hallowed love and enduring affection of the Congress of the United States, and the entire Nation, we reconsecrate their tombs with the fervent hopes and prayers of all America that from their noble and revered spirits we may rededicate our efforts to keep aglow the torch of liberty and freedom they so valiantly and patriotically carried in the service of their country, and which they now pass on to us, unsullied and undefiled.

Their love of country, their ardor and devotion to their Nation's welfare, their nobility of character have forever enshrined their memory in a diadem of perpetual light, which will glow, with ever-increasing splendor, in the hearts of their fellow countrymen, long after monuments of granite and

stone have crumbled into dust and decay; and so, with all our heartfelt affection, compassion, and reverence, we fondly say, "Farewell, our beloved colleagues; farewell forever":

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

Mr. Bill Perry sang "Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth" (Felix Mendelssohn).

Hon. ROY O. WOODRUFF, a Representative from the State of Michigan, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. ROY O. WOODRUFF, OF MICHIGAN

Mr. WOODRUFF of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, again there has come that day which we dedicate to our colleagues who have crossed over to that mystic realm from which no traveler returns.

Our hearts, of course, are full of thoughts which cannot be expressed in words, and of feelings which we do not even wish to voice here.

The passing of a colleague brings to each and every one of us not only grief at the severing of associations but a somber pondering on the meaning of this enigma of human existence. The mortal sense of life would make of man little more than the grass of the fields, flourishing for a brief season, and then withering away. Compared to eternity the human span is but a twinkling. We are apt to forget that billions of individuals have come and gone; millions who are now living will, in no great stretch of time, join the silent majority.

One may well wonder sometimes whether we take ourselves too seriously on this tiny grain of sand whirling through space in the company of millions of other planets, making up the galaxies of the universe. When we stop to realize by what a narrow margin we cling to that which we call life, we wonder not that some of our colleagues have gone from us, but that more have not gone.

And yet, Mr. Speaker, there is more to life than death. It is inconceivable in logic that those who have toiled here with us, that those who gave of their best to the cause of government, that those who lived and studied and worked and planned for the welfare of their country, their fellow men, and their more immediate loved ones should cease to be when the shadow of death descended over them.

There is no possible human logic to justify any conclusion that death ends the activity of those we have known and loved. An all-powerful, all-wise, all-loving ever-present Creative Intelligence would fulfill no purpose in creating human identities to be born to work, and strive, and laugh, and cry for a brief, fevered instant on this earth, only to pass out and to return to a state of nonbeing. That would be like a child building up a mound of sand but to sweep it away the next instant.

Every tenet of religious faith, every tenet of philosophy, every tenet of logic, every tenet of human hope bids us to be of good cheer because our colleagues, having passed beyond our ken, are not forever blotted out but live on and work on.

None can explain the mystery of death. We can hope. None can reason how or why our colleagues should have been called, except that that is the way of the flesh. But there is vast consolation, Mr. Speaker, in the hope and the faith that our colleagues, somewhere, in some happier realm, labor on, rising ever upward in their striving to attain truth.

So, instead of grieving, I think we can find it in our hearts today to be grateful to infinite love that we were permitted to know our colleagues, to be associated with them, to work with them, and to cherish their memories as we hope those left behind when we go will cherish memories of us.

That great philosopher, that kindly gentleman, that able Justice of the Supreme Court, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, once put into words the hope and the faith that I would voice to you here today. Said he:

I was walking homeward on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury, and as I looked beyond Sherman's statue to the west the

sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. But, like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the skyline there came from little globes the pallid discord of electric lights, and I thought to myself the Gotterdammerung will end, and from those globes clustered like evil eggs will come the new masters of the sky. It is like the time in which we live. But, then, I remembered the faith that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought, and more than thought, inside of it, and as I gazed, after the sunset, and above the electric lights, there shone the stars.

And something else that great jurist said I want to repeat to you. It was this:

I think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it has never seen but is to be—that man may have cosmic destinies that he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

Who is to say that out of the depth of his wisdom, gained from his lifelong study of profound truths, Oliver Wendell Holmes may not have been right—that man may have cosmic destinies he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth we may catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

It is this beautiful star of human hope, shining above the pallid glare of earth's electric lights, in the blue sky of a universe in which there is thought, and more than thought, that carries us through the storms and the stresses and the sorrows and the sicknesses, and enables us to bear the thought of the parting at death.

It seems to be, Mr. Speaker, the common fate of kings and beggars, of just and unjust, of saint and sinner, that each of us shall sometime embark upon that journey from earth to the far yonder shores of an unknown eternity.

If we believe that death is the end of those personalities whom we have known and loved as our colleagues, then, indeed, is death a truly dreadful event. If, however, we are to believe that those who have preceded us on that mystical journey, clinging to the hand of the Saviour, consciously

trusting in the infinite love of the Creator, are going on to other tasks—higher tasks, mayhap—then death is not the end, but the beginning of life.

So, then, as our hearts today are sad, as our thoughts are somber, as we find in our breasts an aching longing for the touch of hands that have vanished and the sound of voices now stilled, it is rather because of our own loneliness that we grieve, the loss of championship and association that we miss, than for any fear or any belief that our departed and beloved colleagues have been blotted out, or condemned to some oblivion.

Why, Mr. Speaker, what would be the purpose of life, what would be the use of this human struggle, what would be the use of our efforts, what purpose would we serve by our tears or our smiles, if the grave were the end of it all? Ah, no, life is eternal. We must progress onward and upward until we become more aware of that image and likeness in which we are created.

And, so, Mr. Speaker, let us be firm in the hope; let us find comfort in the thought, that our dear departed colleagues have moved further along toward their cosmic destinies which they may not understand, and, as Holmes so beautifully said, beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth, that they have realized that peace of which we here may catch but a dreaming glimpse.

Mr. Thomas L. Thomas sang "The Old Rugged Cross," by Bennard.

Mr. Winfred Kemp, principal musician, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded taps.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Clyde Harold Smith

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Oliver

Of Maine

Mr. OLIVER. Mr. Speaker, among all the States of this great Nation which we, with reason, delight to regard as the greatest and best in all the world, few have such a number of deservedly famous native and adopted sons as the State of Maine.

The roll is a long one and embraces names famous in varied walks of life and known the world over. Such men as Longfellow, Elijah Kellogg, Francis Clark, Melville Fuller, Cardinal O'Connell, Maj. Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, and many others of equal note.

Among these native sons of Maine is one of our late-lamented colleagues, CLYDE H. SMITH, of Maine, who represented the State and constituency formerly represented in this body by Hannibal Hamlin, who was Vice President with the beloved Lincoln; James G. Blaine, 10 years a Member and Speaker of this House, United States Senator, Secretary of State, and creator of our incomparable Pan American Union; Nelson Dingley, Jr.; and William P. Frye, many years President of the United States Senate.

CLYDE H. SMITH was known to all of us as a quiet and friendly soul, whose worth was best known by those who knew him best. Long years of service in public positions of responsibility in his native State endeared him to his own people. His work in Maine was noteworthy and extensive before election to Congress. He served as superintendent of schools, 1903–6 and member of the board of selectmen of his home town of Hartland, 1904–7, and Somerset County

sheriff for 4 years; member of the Maine House of Representatives, 1899–1903, and moved to Skowhegan, Maine, in 1905, and there served as member of its board of selectmen, 1914–27 and 1928–32; again member of the Maine House of Representatives, 1919–23 and the State senate 1923–29; chairman of the State highway commission, 1928–32; member of the Governor's council, 1933–37, and elected to the Seventy-fifth Congress on September 14, 1936; reelected to the Seventy-sixth Congress, September 12, 1938. The faith and confidence which the people of Maine reposed in CLYDE H. SMITH is evidenced by the record of his long public career during which he was never once defeated for election to the public offices which he sought and secured.

His constituents sent him here as their Representative, knowing that he would always conscientiously, energetically, and courageously serve them and the Nation. His public record recalls to memory these words:

> Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
> Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
> Men who possess opinions and will;
> Men who have honor, men who will not lie.

But for his untimely death our friend would, without doubt, have been continued a Member of Congress as long as he was willing or able to serve.

With Francis Thompson let us say that—

> The fairest things in life are death and birth,
> And of these two the fairer thing is death.
>
> * * * *
>
> It is the falling star that trails the light,
> It is the breaking wave that trails the might,
> The passing shower that rainbows maniple.
>
> * * * *
>
> Thus hath He unto death his beauty given;
> And so all which form inheriteth,
> The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
> For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
> But death hath in itself the germ of birth;
> It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
> The falling rain that bears the greenery.
>
> * * * *

For there is nothing lives but something dies,
And there is nothing dies but something lives.
Till skies be fugitives,
Till time, the hidden root of change, updrives,
Are birth and death inseparable on earth
For they are twain yet one, and death is birth.

We who remain can only
Dimly guess what time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of eternity.

At this point, Mr. Speaker, I wish to incorporate my remarks as made here in the House of Representatives on Monday, April 8, the day when our friend left us.

It is with the deepest regret that I rise this morning to announce the passing into the Great Beyond of our colleague, CLYDE H. SMITH, of Maine. His passing was gentle and merciful and for that we are and shall be thankful but, because of its suddenness, it is a great shock to all, especially those of us who knew him intimately and well.

Clyde was a fine soldier in the interests of the rank and file of the people. During his many years of public service which have extended over nearly half a century he has constantly and consistently stood firmly for the principles in which he so ardently believed. Always a valiant fighter for those who labor, he sought an appointment to the House Committee on Labor and for the past 4 years has been in the midst and the thick of all the many legislative controversies which have been under the consideration of that congressional group during that period. Having been a pioneer in the principle of old-age pensions, he has made his name more than familiar to the people of our State and the Nation who are particularly interested in this phase of our economic life. He has always shown in his legislative career a fine sense of balance and proportion which has enabled him to do good service for all in the light of the many extreme demands which are often made by those most ardent on both sides of any issue.

Clyde has always been an humble man, unassuming and unpretentious; he has been extremely conscientious and devoted to duty; at his desk almost until the very moment of his untimely passing, he has epitomized his determined consecration to the best welfare of his constituents.

I have learned through personal contact with him during the past several years to lean heavily upon his judgment and I feel that in his passing away I have suffered the loss of a true friend. I know that literally thousands in our State of Maine have suffered a similar loss.

The following few words taken from the pen of a great son of Maine, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, characterizes with peculiar appropriateness the real personality of our deceased colleague in always thinking in terms of the best for others:

A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.

During the several days since the sudden passing of our colleague, many Members of this body, Mr. Speaker, have expressed to me their profound sorrow and deep regret, occasioned by his loss. He had the faculty of making friends easily, and what is far more important, he had the invaluable capacity of keeping the friendships once made. Soft spoken and moderate at all times, his personality was exceptionally pleasing. Devotion to duty and to the responsibility of office was the cardinal principle of his whole life. Conscientious, capable, and with an exceedingly cheerful optimism, he faced each day and in the execution of his daily duty he spread good cheer among all with whom he came in contact. Such a man is missed and will continue to be missed. Maine has lost a faithful servant. Again, I state, I have lost a friend.

But in the words of Cardinal Newman, we must learn to depend upon the Divine Father:

May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done; then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?

Remarks by Representative Brewster

Of Maine

Mr. BREWSTER. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my own remarks in the Record in connection with the memorial exercises for Representative CLYDE H. SMITH, of Maine, I include the following tributes paid to him at the exercises in his memory at Skowhegan, Maine; also an address delivered by Representative SMITH as a young man of 21, when a member of the Maine Legislature, at memorial exercises for Hon. Thomas B. Reed, a former Representative from Maine and a former Speaker of the House.

SERVICES FOR REPRESENTATIVE CLYDE H. SMITH AT SKOWHEGAN, MAINE, APRIL 11, 1940

REMARKS BY REV. THOMAS S. CLEAVER, PASTOR, THE FEDERATED CHURCH, SKOWHEGAN, MAINE

We have gathered in this home this afternoon to pay our respect and tribute to one whose name is known to many from Maine to California. At the service which was held in Washington his associates in the United States Congress and Senate paid tribute to his worth as a statesman.

When we come to this hour which is common to mankind we would want to be remembered by our family, loved ones, and friends. No one wants to be forgotten. We are all eager for immortality, here as well as in the hereafter, and we want to be remembered at our best.

Today I must speak of him as I knew him and met him in this town, where he lived for so many years, where he did so many fine things, and where he was loved by all.

Skowhegan has lost a good citizen. At all times he did his level best for its welfare. He not only gave a full measure of his time, energy, and talents to this town but also to this great State in which he was born and where he served through many years with marked ability.

The name of CLYDE H. SMITH is known from Kittery to Fort Kent. In these more recent years he has represented our district most acceptably at Washington.

We are known to our fathers by different traits of character. Our fellow townsman had a rare faculty of making friends with all classes of society. The words of Sam Walter Foss come to my mind in this connection:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.

"I would not sit in a scoffer's seat
Or hurl a cynic's ban.
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

A natural outcome of his ability to make friends was his constant desire to be of service to his friends, to the unfortunate and needy and unemployed. His heart went out to the man who found it hard to make ends meet. He always seemed to be at his best when he could help somebody. While he never was a Boy Scout, he had learned to do a good turn daily. Moreover, he carried his friends' well-being on his heart, and out of a clear sky conferred many favors and kindnesses.

The genuine and sincere hospitality of this man and his good wife could not be surpassed. They were gracious hosts and left no stone unturned to make their friends feel at home both here and in Washington. This trait can best be expressed by one word—others.

"Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That, even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for others.

"And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of others."

One of the finest examples of teamwork that I have witnessed was that which existed between our fellow townsman and his wife. They shared their daily experiences. There was a delightful give and take, both in the home and public office. His heartaches and disappointments, his joys and successes have been hers. May God's richest blessing and his divine comfort and the peace which passeth all understanding ever be hers. May the memory of this many-sided man continue to bless and inspire her and us as the years come and go.

If he could say a few words, I feel sure that he would couch them in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson:

"Though he that, ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole long, gusty lifetime through,
Be gone a while before,
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet, doubt not, soon the season shall restore
Your friend to you.

"He has but turned a corner; still
He pushes on with right good will
Through mire and marsh, by heuch and hill
The self-same arduous way—
That self-same upland hopeful way,
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

"He is not dead, this friend; not dead,
But, in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

"Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake,
And straining his eyes, to search his wake,
Or, whistling as he sees you thru the brake,
Waits on a stile."

Mankind has always believed in the immortality of the soul. He knew that his work was not done. He leaves it for others to complete. Now, we must learn the discipline of living with the spirit of our loved ones and friends. Death is all gain to him. It is true that we have lost the sound of his voice and the touch of his hand and the joy of his fellowship. But, we must carry on and bring to pass his ideals and unrealized dreams. This makes us richer in capacities for understanding and service in helping others and stronger because we have shared a common sorrow.

"There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

"There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air:
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

"There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

"There is no death! the leaves may fall
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

"And near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—'there are no dead.'"

PRAYER AND POEMS PRESENTED BY REV. ALBERT I. OLIVER, MINISTER OF THE CENTENARY METHODIST CHURCH, SKOWHEGAN, MAINE

GOD'S TOMORROW

(A poem by John Oxenham)

The night is very black and grim,
Our hearts are sick with sorrow—
But on the rim of the curtain dim
A pulsing beam, a tiny gleam,
Whispers of God's tomorrow.
Beyond the night there shines a light,
Our eyes are dim with sorrow—
But Faith still clings, and Hope still springs,
And Love still sings of happier things,
For Life is flighting strong new wings
In search of God's tomorrow.

O God, Lord and Father of us all, we turn to Thee in our need, for in Thee we may find help that no one else can give. We realize that Thou hast wondrously endowed us with gifts of body, mind, and soul to enable us to attend to the duties of life as we make our way on through the years. But in an hour like this, we discover that all these ordinary powers of ours are quite inadequate to meet the more serious experiences of life, to solve its more difficult problems, and to face these great realities of life and death and immortality. So we turn to Thee, and pray that

Thou wilt bestow upon us in this hour Thy divine help, granting unto us the strength and wisdom and courage as Thou seest there is need.

Our hearts are heavy as we think of the things that are not—but we find comfort and peace in our confidence in the things that still are. We believe that Thou art, that Thou art Father of us all, that we are Thy children, and that we may come to Thee as any child turns to its parent for comfort, protection, and help. Faith is still ours, and hope, and love. Friendship is ours, and life is ours. We cling to these things that still are, and thank Thee for these great gifts.

We thank Thee for this man, for his courageous spirit, for his busy, active days, for the outreach of his life out beyond himself, into the needs and interests of other lives. We thank Thee that we live in a land where a life like his is possible, a land where life may be freely expressed as his was in so many different directions of value.

And now we pray that Thy richest blessing may rest upon this entire company of people assembled here this day. May Thy spirit come to these friends and neighbors who by their presence and gifts of flowers are seeking to express their sympathy for those who mourn his loss. Thank God for our friends who stand by in our hours of need—this is a gift of life that really is. May Thy spirit, too, rest upon these who have been associated with him in town and State and Nation—these with whom he has taken counsel in the guidance of civic affairs. And upon those who belong to the inner circle of family life—those, who by ties of blood and marriage, stand a little nearer to his life—upon these may Thy spirit rest in abundant measure. And especially upon her who, as his companion, shared with him the cares and responsibilities of his life, may Thy spirit come with comforting power, upholding her and keeping her not only in this present hour but in the days to come.

Upon us all may Thy spirit rest, prompting us so to live that when life shall close for us we shall be entitled to the approval of those who have known us best, as well as Thy divine favor.

We ask all this in the name of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

GOOD-BYE, TILL MORNING

"Good-bye, till morning come again";
We part, if part we must, with pain,
But night is short, and hope is sweet;
Faith fills our hearts, and wings our feet;
And so we sing the old refrain,
"Good-bye, till morning come again."

"Good-bye, till morning come again";
The thought of death brings weight of pain;
But could we know how short the night
That falls and hides them from our sight,
Our hearts would sing the old refrain,
"Good-bye, till morning come again."

Memorial address on the life and character of Thomas Brackett Reed, former Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, in the house of representatives at Augusta, Maine, at a joint session of the Maine Legislature on January 28, 1903

REMARKS OF HON. CLYDE H. SMITH, REPRESENTATIVE FROM HARTLAND

Your Excellency and gentlemen of the assembly: It is not my purpose to attempt any extended eulogy on the illustrious life work of this illustrious statesman. It is not for me to seek to penetrate the veil and speak of him in that sphere as husband and father, as neighbor or townsman. More eloquent lips than mine can tell that which was his noblest calling and highest attainment; his love and affection for family and home. Others are here to tell the story of his kindness and loyalty to friend and kinsman. It is sufficient for me to contribute but a word, to bring a single flower of tender memory, to add my little wreath of affectionate admiration in behalf of his sacred memory. Who of us that have not observed while scanning the blue heavens above, with her millions of sparkling worlds, scattered sparingly here and there, a majestic star, pouring forth her richer and more radiant rays, surpassing all others. How true we find this of mankind. The laws of creation, having heir to us now and then a great and natural leader, towering far above his fellow beings, conspicuous among the distinguished sons reared from the rugged hills of the old Pine Tree State, is one whose name is not only familiar to the children of our every village, hamlet, and town, but of the South beneath her sunny skies, in distant California amid her fields of golden rocks, and yea, in far away New Zealand the name of Thomas Brackett Reed is written there.

A soldier has fallen. A hero is dead. Not while on the battlefield, amid the rush of contending parties; nor while in gallant leadership, leading his party onward and onward in her every charge, with victory ever in hand, for he had laid down the gavel, and ceased to participate in the great political arena of his life. But we can never forget how we have known of him in this very hall, a leader of leaders, champion of champions. How we have known of him at Washington, confronted with the fiery blasts of jealousy and a divided house. How we have known of him as

emancipating his people from the shackles of a filibustering contingent in the National House of Representatives. How we have known of him when our very hearts were beating that he might be selected as our standard bearer and chief magistrate over the grandest Nation ever visited by mankind. But he had met his final conqueror, and sank beneath his icy breath. Though silent is the grave, death can claim no victory. For that master mind, the handiwork of the eternal God, will shine brighter day by day, while others may grow dim with the space of time. His works are ended. No man can tell the results of his labors. But from memory's shrine his name can never be effaced. The dreams of childhood and visions of old age vanish. Flowers bloom, blush, and fade away. Stars fall from the heaven and leave no trace behind them. But a life like Thomas Brackett Reed can never run its course and be forgotten, and when the fettered fangs of eternity were bearing his soul away, his life was just beginning.

Mr. BREWSTER. Mr. Speaker, under leave granted to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following resolution:

RESOLUTION BY MAINE STATE FEDERATION OF LABOR

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has deemed it necessary to take from our midst the Honorable CLYDE H. SMITH, and

Whereas the sympathetic understanding and recognition of human rights prevailed in the thoughts and actions of our departed friend throughout his entire private and public life, and

Whereas all toilers have suffered an immeasurable loss through being deprived of his militant, loyal, and sincere service in the Congress of the United States, and

Whereas the problems and advocacies of organized labor have been long championed and espoused by him both as a State and National governmental Representative: Therefore be it

Resolved, That this, the thirty-sixth annual convention of the Maine State Federation of Labor, stand for 1 minute in silent reverence and tribute to this man who enjoyed the respect, admiration, and love of Maine workers, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to his widow, Congresswoman MARGARET CHASE SMITH, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy be sent to the Maine Congressional Delegation urging that it be read on the floor of Congress and made a part of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, and that a copy be released to the press.

Adopted by the thirty-sixth annual convention of the Maine State Federation of Labor, at Portland, Maine, June 14, 1940.

CHARLES O. DINTON, *Secretary.*

Remarks by Representative Stearns

Of New Hampshire

Mr. STEARNS of New Hampshire. Mr. Speaker, the sudden and unexpected death of CLYDE H. SMITH came as a great shock to his many friends, and especially to his colleagues in this House, whose esteem and admiration he had won.

I can never forget the friendly welcome with which he greeted me as a newcomer to this floor, or the many little acts of kindliness and courtesy for which I was indebted to him.

His entire life was one of devotion to the service and welfare of his fellowmen, his State, and country. He rose from selectman of his own home town through various offices to that of Representative in Congress, a career which is a clear indication of his honesty, industry, and ability. As a member of important committees, especially that on labor, he never lost sight of the human needs that all legislation is supposed to serve.

This body has lost a devoted and honored Member, and it is with a deep sense of personal loss that I pay this small tribute to his memory.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *April 8, 1940.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our most merciful Father, in a world which is exhausting itself in stupidity and passion, we pray for the Lordship of the Man of Galilee. In this bleak period of humanity may He stand among us in His moral and spiritual leadership, with a glowing warmth of enthusiastic faith in man and his destiny. Dear Lord, as energies are limited and needs appalling, in Thy risen power grant us the guidance of Thy truth and wisdom. With true conscience and deepening understanding, and enriched with the finest privileges, help us to labor for those cleansing and redeeming relationships. Hold us in fellowship with the life spiritual that we may never allow ourselves to make dreary selfishness the prison of our souls. Inspire us with an expanding, world-wide vision that unites all men in the tasks of education, social reform, and religion; help us in those aims which are worth serving and which will win response in the heart of this vindictive world. In these days of his absence, bless and abide with our beloved Speaker. In the Redeemer's name. Heavenly Father, again we are reminded that in the midst of life we are in death. In the valley may we fear no evil. Give Thy comforting presence to the loved one who is to follow on. Amen.

Mr. OLIVER. Mr. Speaker, it is with the deepest regret that I rise this morning to announce the passing into the Great Beyond of our colleague, CLYDE H. SMITH, of Maine. His passing was gentle and merciful and for that we are and shall be thankful, but, because of its suddenness, it is a great shock to all, especially those of us who knew him intimately and well.

Clyde was a fine soldier in the interests of the rank and file of the people. During his many years of public service which have extended over nearly half a century he has constantly and consistently stood firmly for the principles in which he so ardently believed. Always a valiant fighter for those who labor, he sought an appointment to the House Committee on Labor and for the past 4 years has been in the midst and the thick of all the many legislative controversies which have been under the consideration of that congressional group during that period. Having been a pioneer in the principle of old-age pensions, he has made his name more than familiar to the people of our State and the Nation who are particularly interested in this phase of our economic life. He has always shown in his legislative career a fine sense of balance and proportion which has enabled him to do good service for all in the light of the many extreme demands which are often made by those most ardent on both sides of any issue.

Clyde has always been a humble man, unassuming and unpretentious; he has been extremely conscientious and devoted to duty; at his desk almost until the very moment of his untimely passing, he, through his actions, has epitomized his determined consecration to the best welfare of his constituents.

I have learned through personal contact with him during the past several years to lean heavily upon his judgment, and I feel that in his passing away I have suffered the loss of a true friend. I know that literally thousands in our State of Maine have suffered a similar loss.

The following few words taken from the pen of a great son of Maine, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, characterize with peculiar appropriateness the real personality of our deceased colleague in always thinking in terms of the best for others:

A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.

CLYDE HAROLD SMITH

On Tuesday, April 9, at 1 p. m., brief and informal services will be held in his memory at his Washington home, located at 3028 Newark Street NW. It is our wish that Members of the House who may desire to do so, will attend these services.

Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 460) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. CLYDE H. SMITH, a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of this resolution and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate this resolution to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to, and the Speaker pro tempore appointed the following as members of the funeral committee on the part of the House: Mrs. Norton, of New Jersey; Mr. Welch, of California; Mr. Brewster, of Maine; and Mr. Oliver, of Maine.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the remainder of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.), under its previous order, the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, April 9, 1940, at 11 o'clock a. m.

TUESDAY, *April 9, 1940.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
April 8, 1940.

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CLYDE H. SMITH, late a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock meridian tomorrow.

The message also announced that pursuant to the foregoing resolution the presiding officer had appointed Mr. Hale and Mr. White as the members of said committee on the part of the Senate.

Mr. BREWSTER. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join my colleagues in expressing a profound sense of personal, as well as public, loss in the passing of Representative CLYDE H. SMITH.

Far more than a perfunctory tribute is the due of Representative CLYDE H. SMITH of the Second Maine Congressional District, who has completed his labors after a most extraordinary career.

Forty-nine times he submitted himself to the suffrage of his fellow citizens, and every time his record brought him merited success.

Rarely, if ever, has such a record been duplicated in the entire history of American democracy.

Not only in the duration of his service, but also in its

variety, his record is unique: Selectman of a New England town, with all the exacting requirements of daily contact with the myriad interests he must serve; superintendent of schools in the days when it had not yet become a position for professionals but was still the task of a layman who took seriously his community responsibilities; high sheriff of his county in a time when practically all responsibility for law enforcement rested in his hands; representative to the legislature at the age of 23; 6 years a member of the Senate of Maine; chairman of the State highway commission during my administration as Governor of Maine; 4 years a member of the Governor's council, a position second only in importance and responsibility to the office of Governor in Maine; completing now 4 years of service in the Congress of the United States.

In each of these positions he labored without ceasing, and each laid the foundation for a further broadening of his service that brought him finally to represent his congressional district here in the Capitol of the most powerful Nation the world has ever seen.

Yet this constant succession of honors revealing the continued confidence of his fellow citizens of all degrees left him untouched and unspoiled by the sometimes corroding compliment of success.

His heart was still with the great number of people in humble circumstances with whom he loved to live.

As a fellow member of the Maine Senate in 1923 I heard our colleague deliver one of the great speeches of a century in the Maine Senate in behalf of his proposal for old-age pensions in a period when this topic was scarcely thought of by the great mass of his fellowmen. When that speech was finished, prophetic in its vision, there was not a single dry eye in the chamber nor a single dissenting vote.

A decade later, when challenge was made as to his position on old-age pensions, it was my privilege to use that historic address as an entirely adequate reply.

As an executive and a legislator alike he brought to his work the most detailed and unremitting attention that undoubtedly contributed to his untimely end.

As a lifelong champion of good roads he had the satisfaction of seeing his legislative plans reach fruition under his administration as chairman of the highway commission and Maine roads become one of the chief cornerstones in the development of our State.

But in later life, in the problems of labor, his talents and his interests found their fullest scope. Coming to Congress, his lifelong record of service to the interests of labor and industry alike gave him the unique distinction of being endorsed for a position on the highly responsible Committee on Labor of the House by both the Maine State Federation of Labor and the Associated Industries of Maine.

In the 4 years of his service the Committee on Labor became the center of the most heated controversies in each session. Always Representative SMITH was found in the midst of the battle, seeking, in his strategic position on subcommittees dealing with these contentious issues—a position accorded him by the confidence of his colleagues on both sides—to adjust and harmonize the issues in the interest of both his State of Maine, to which he recognized a primary allegiance, and the cause of American industrial progress, in which he believed was bound up the hope not only of labor and capital in America but the hope of humanitarian progress throughout the world.

Many of his labors bore fruit in adjustments in legislation that meant much to New England and to labor and industry everywhere. On other problems he was still at work with high hope that he would find a solution that was just and helpful to all alike.

His untimely end was clearly a result of his unceasing labors far beyond his strength.

A host of friends in Congress and in Maine will be deeply saddened by his passing as they will be inspired by his life.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *April 8, 1940.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Calloway, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. CLYDE H. SMITH, late a Representative from the State of Maine, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The message informed the Senate that, pursuant to the provisions of the foregoing resolutions, the Speaker pro tempore had appointed Mrs. Norton, Mr. Welch, Mr. Brewster, and Mr. Oliver members of a committee, to join with such Members of the Senate as may be appointed, to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate the following resolution from the House of Representatives, which was read:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
April 8, 1940.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. CLYDE H. SMITH, a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. HALE. Mr. President, I send to the desk a resolution which I ask to have read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read. The resolution (S. Res. 255) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CLYDE H. SMITH, late a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the second resolving clause the Chair appoints as the members of the committee on the part of the Senate the senior Senator from Maine [Mr. Hale] and the junior Senator from Maine [Mr. White].

Mr. HALE. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate stand in recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 45 minues p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Tuesday, April 9, 1940, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Date Due

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